

## Shalekhet: Fallen Leaves



Fallen leaves do not clink like this  
beneath your feet - but these leaves  
clank like steel plates in a breaker's yard  
chattels and goods broken down beneath you  
the continuous clatter punctuated  
by light chimes faint cries - *shalekhet*.

Fallen leaves are russet crisp - they fly  
but you - you melt slowly - your shapes  
contort and blacken – your mouths  
gasp in shafts of gaseous light.  
I hear your screams  
and I cannot walk over you.

*On seeing the memorial installation 'Shalekhet': Fallen Leaves at the Jewish Museum in Berlin.*

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